



COVER STORY

The Kingdom And the Cabbage

What's newer than news at the New York Times

Suddenly, vegetables are "in." Chefs in fashionable restaurants across the country and cooks at home are featuring glowingly fresh vegetables cooked to firm but tender brightness...

—New York Times, June 22

The trip from tawdry Times Square to the tidy Upper East Side of Manhattan takes only about ten minutes in light traffic. Toward 11 most nights, a driver in a blue and white van plies that route, delivering into the arms of a uniformed doorman a single, pristine early City edition of tomorrow's New York Times—still warm from the presses, still faintly redolent of ink and not lead. The newborn newspaper is quickly whisked to an upper floor, where a horrible fate awaits it.

When he is in town, Arthur Ochs "Punch" Sulzberger, 51, publisher of the Times, chairman and president of its parent company, usually takes the news lying down. On an orthopedic mattress, the harel-eyed, faintly balding, perpetually smiling publisher literally tears into his custom-delivered Times.

First the front page, of course. Then Sulzberger turns to the obituaries ("Super! I'm not here today, ha ha!") and on to the financial tables ("Super! Our stock's up!"). Now backward toward the front page again, ripping out headlines, paragraphs and whole stories that either please or peeve him, depositing the clippings on his night table for future action. Exhausted, Punch the Ripper flings the eviscerated carcass to the floor. And as the clock

Arthur O. Sulzberger and his father's portrait
"The old man had this scenario..."